

GOVERNMENT'S NEW £420,000,000 CREDIT VOTE

# The Daily Mirror

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1916

One Halfpenny.

THE STEEL-HELMETED PRESIDENT: M. POINCARÉ TRAVELS TO  
THE TRENCHES ON A LIGHT RAILWAY.

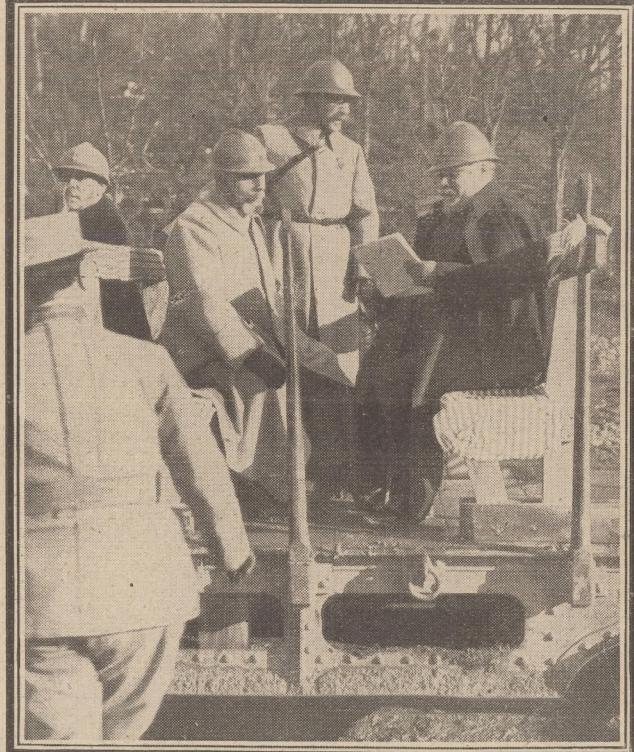
P 8408 C

P 8408 C



In a trench. In each case the President is seen wearing a steel helmet.

P 8408 C



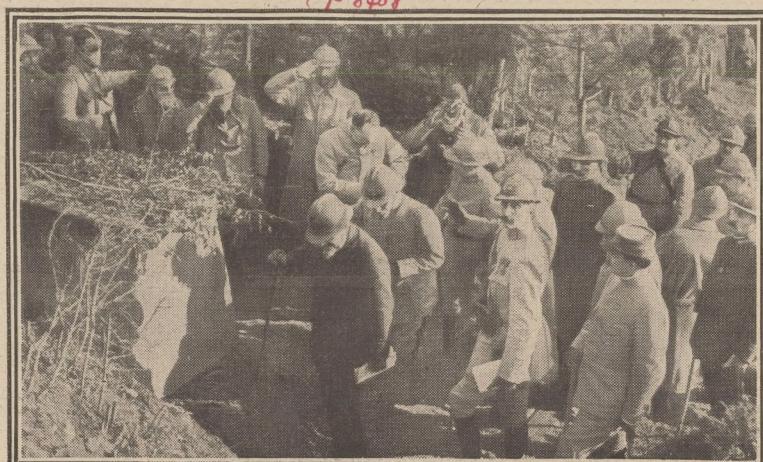
On the military light railway, on which he travelled to the trenches.

NEW WAR MINISTER.

P 15668.



M. Emile Vandervelde, who has just been appointed Belgian Minister for War. He is the leader of the Belgian Socialists, and is one of the finest speakers in Europe.—(Elliott and Fry.)



M. Poincaré (in dark clothes) inspecting the defences in the Woevre.

These photographs illustrate M. Poincaré's visit to the defensive works of the Woevre district. He was accompanied by General Roques, who is seen seated on the light railway facing the President.—(By permission of *L'Illustration* and the *Illustrated London News*.)

A SULTAN'S DEATH.

P 124 M



His Highness Sir Idris Mersid - A z a m, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., Sultan of Perak, who has died. He was the best known of the ruling chiefs of the Federated Malay States.—(Elliott and Fry.)

## FIRST CALL TO CLASS 1 OF CONSCRIPTS.

### "No-Exemption" Screw Being Tightened at Tribunals.

## MAN WHO WOULDN'T KILL.

There was considerable misunderstanding yesterday regarding the expected "call up" of Derby recruits in Group 1.

At first it was announced that the Proclamation had been posted, but later the Publicity Department, at Great Scotland-yard, announced that they had no knowledge of the issue of the Proclamation.

However, it is confidently expected that both Class 1 under the Military Service Act and Group 1 of the Derby recruits will be called to the colours this week.

The men affected by the Group 1 call are bachelors who were eighteen years old on August 15 last, but it is understood that men

### EVERY SCRAP OF PAPER

is important now that its import is so severely restricted. Order your copy of "The Daily Mirror" in advance, and so prevent the waste of paper incurred by printing unnecessary copies.

will not be compelled to join the ranks until they have passed their nineteenth birthday.

With the calling up of Group 1 and Class 1, all the eligible single men of the country will be accounted for, and the remaining married groups will have to be considered next.

An important development regarding the position of unattested married men may be expected during the present week.

An official warning will probably be issued to unattested married men urging upon them the necessity of attesting without delay.

It is stated on good authority, though unofficially, that the calling up of the married classes will begin before the end of March or the first week in April.

The Parliamentary Recruiting Committee is giving the matter very careful attention.

The proceedings of the various metropolitan tribunals yesterday indicated that, as has been foretold, "the screw is being tightened," and that the granting of exemptions or deferments to later groups is only granted in genuine hard cases.

### OBJECTION'S WEAK HEART.

At the City of London Tribunal an application was made for the postponement of one of the Lord Mayor's footmen, it being contended that it was not possible to find a substitute of equal ability. The tribunal would not grant an exemption, but allowed a postponement of a month.

At Westminster a twenty-year-old bookkeeper applied for absolute exemption on the grounds of conscientious objection. He was a Wesleyan, he said.

Asked whether he would rather that his mother and sister suffered than that he should kill a German, the applicant replied: "I would protest, but I would not kill." Subsequently he added that he suffered from nerves, and had a weak heart. The application was refused.

As the case of the bookkeeper's Mary's case came under consideration, it was stated that the man was practically blind in one eye. The tribunal suggested that he might be useful for clerical work and rejected the application.

At Southwark the tribunal dismissed an application on behalf of a butcher's assistant, who, it was stated, was in sympathy with the Germans.

A member of the tribunal commenting on this case, said it was not fair that young fellows should be sent to the front while Germans were left behind to make money.

### WILL NOT DISCLOSE NAME.

There is much speculation as to the identity of the member of the Government who is said to have urged members of Parliament that they should take steps to revolt against the Military Service (No. 2) Bill when it was before the House of Commons on the ground that the hand of the Prime Minister was being forced by the constitutionalists.

A statement to this effect was made in a speech by Mr. Percy Alden, M.P., to his constituents, but, though pressed, he refused to disclose the name of the Minister.

### HID BETWEEN THE RAFTERS.

For harbouring her son when he had deserted, Mary Stockdale, now aged a young soldier, was committed to prison at Lancaster yesterday for one month with hard labour.

The soldier had evaded the authorities four times, and when the police went to the house with a search warrant the woman said, "God had told her when the police were coming."

She denied that her son was in the house, but was found between the rafters and the ceiling.

### NO RAID INQUEST.

The Deal coroner decided yesterday not to hold an inquest concerning the death of the boy killed in the air raid at Aldershot.

The coroner's view is that where death is due to an act of war an inquest is not necessary. He states the raid only resulted in one death and injury to one man. These two persons were walking together when a bomb burst close to them.

## CLUB DRAMA.

Story of Accusations Against Member in Claim for Libel Damages.

### "TREATING THE BOYS."

Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury yesterday resumed the hearing of the libel action in which Mr. George Aston, a stockbroker and member of the Junior Athenaeum Club, sued Mr. Lionel A. Martin, chairman of the committee, who is also chairman of Messrs. Tate and Sons, the sugar refiners.

Plaintiff complained of certain letters by the defendant and his solicitor with reference to an allegation that he had acted improperly as a member of the club.

Mr. E. W. Nunn, plaintiff's solicitor, gave evidence, saying that he attended a meeting of the club committee with Mr. Aston. Witness asked for the charge against Mr. Aston to be formulated, and the secretary, Mr. De Cartare, made a statement.

Then three of the club servants were called before the committee. The billiards master, a man named Oakden, said "one of the members" used to treat the page-boys late at night, and had treated one, who had since left. He also said he had seen the member treat them to whisky and soda and gin and soda on three occasions.

No one was called, added Mr. Nunn, who said he had actually had a drink with or been treated by Mr. Aston.

At the end of the meeting the committee passed a resolution censuring Mr. Aston for "undignified conduct as a member of the club."

When the evidence for the plaintiff was concluded Mr. Gordon Hewart, K.C., submitted that no case had been made out for the defendant to meet. There was nothing defamatory in the words, and certainly no malice.

Mr. Justice Darling refused to withdraw the case from the jury.

Giving evidence, Mr. Martin said that in March, 1915, a complaint was made alleging that Mr. Aston had been drinking with the page-boys. Mr. Aston denied that there was any justification for the charge.

## GREAT TRADE FAIR.

Exhibition Showing How Germany Is Being Ousted from the Markets.

The war on German trade is beginning to bear fruit.

At the British Industries Fair, which opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, yesterday, there are hundreds of thousands of toys—all of them of British manufacture.

"The outlook for British makers," said one of the exhibitors to *The Daily Mirror*, "was never brighter than at the present moment. Military toys in particular are in great demand."

"So far as soft-goods toys are concerned, we have ousted the Germans, and we shall have no difficulty in retaining our position."

But can you compete with German prices?" asked *The Daily Mirror*.

"In normal times—yes; just now—no. We are naturally hampered by the increased cost of materials."

Queen Mary visited the fair yesterday afternoon. Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, also made a personal inspection of the stalls.

One of the features of the toy department is the exhibition of toys made by disabled soldiers and sailors at Lord Roberts's memorial works-shops.

A one-armed man has become quite an artist in wood-modelling, and his models of Charlie Chaplin have been sold for the thousand.

Other exhibits include specimens of what Britain can do in the manufacture of earthenware, porcelain and china, glassware, fancy goods, stationery and printing.

### HOPED WARSHIP WOULD BE SUNK.

At Portsmouth yesterday John Christopher Green, fifty-four, a fisherman, was yesterday sentenced to two months' imprisonment under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Prisoner, who said he was the son of a clergyman and had become practically a dipsomaniac, pleaded that he had no recollection of the offence alleged, namely, in stating in a public-house that he hoped a certain warship would be torpedoed.

Naval men present informed the police.

### CATHOLICS CONDEMN REPRISALS.

Dealing with the subject of retaliatory air attacks on enemy towns, Monsignor Moyes, of Westminster Cathedral, one of the best known of the Catholic clerics in London, said to a press representative yesterday:

In the matter of reprisals the Catholic Church requires us to remember the great moral principles that we cannot do evil that good may come.

"As the root principle which alone justifies war is that of self-preservation or self-defence, it cannot be right to kill directly and of set purpose non-combatants who are innocent of aggression."

Hence the attitude of the Catholic Church in the condemnation of reprisals which are intentionally directed against innocent non-combatants."

## TUBS FOR "TOMMY."

Women's Club That Sends Zinc Baths to Soldiers in Trenches.

### HOT TOFFEE AND A WASH.

The catch phrase of one of the oldest and most sedate of women's clubs is now "Tubs for 'Tommy'." The sight of a zinc bathtub placed in the former dining hall of the Empress Club in Dover-street disconcerts the members not one whit.

This woman's club formed an emergency voluntary aid committee exactly eight days after the outbreak of war.

About a year ago they discovered that the soldiers' most urgent need was cleanliness.

Immediately they sent out to the firing line a batch of zinc baths narrow enough to be placed actually in a trench wide enough to hold "Tommy" and the water, together with a collapsible boiler to heat the water. These proved very popular. Now the floors of the Empress Club are impassable with orders addressed to commanding officers, to hospitals, to R.A.M.C. units, to "Private Blank 10402" himself. Nearly 1,900 tubs have been sent out.

But "Tommy" has a second and more annoying enemy than trench mud. To deal with this the women have invented a special disinfectant which the bathers add to the water.

When the bath queue forms up in the trench each man places his uniform within the sterilising disinfectant and draws it out pure and wholesome.

The initiative of the Empress Club does not stop at baths, disinfectors and hospital requisites. Members of the club have also invented a hot toilet guaranteed to warm, feed and please the soldier when his bath is over.

## COSTLY CLEANLINESS.

Twelve per Cent. Increase Announced by the Launderers' Association.

Cleanliness is a traditionally English virtue. In future, it is likely to be a fairly expensive virtue.

Your laundry will cost you more.

The Launderers' Association announce a further increase of about 12 per cent. on laundry work. There was an advance of 10 per cent. last April.

Of course, the war is responsible.

"Everything that a laundry uses has been increasing in price steadily since the war," said Mr. Stark, the secretary of the Launderers' Association, to *The Daily Mirror*.

He corrected himself. "I am wrong," admitted.

"There is one thing the price of which has not gone up, for the simple reason that it is not required by Act of Parliament. I refer to washing."

"Everything else is dearer: soap, soda, fuel, horse-fodder, the purchase price of horses, petrol, wages—postage even."

"We were forced to put up prices. Even as it is, the increase won't meet the additional expenses."

"There is no question of making money out of the public. Believe me, only too many laundrymen would be glad to close down for the duration of the war if they saw a reasonable prospect of picking up their trade again when it was all over."

One effect of the war has been to abolish foreign trade in laundry work. Some Englishmen were in the habit of sending their laundry work out to the Continent. A large number of convents and religious houses "took in washing." The French nun makes an excellent blanchisseur.

## THE KING'S RED CROSS GIFT.

For the forthcoming sale at Christie's in aid of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, King George has presented a magnificent pair of Chinese embossed silver yellow silk, upon which the Imperial Dragon and emblems of the Imperial House are worked.

The Queen has presented two inscribed jewelled bracelets which have been worn by her.

The last day for receiving gifts is February 29, and the sale depot is at 48, Pall Mall, S.W.

### DID NOT LIKE THE KILT.

Charged at Enfield Petty Sessions yesterday with being a deserter from the Seaforth Highlanders, a private named Gentle said he had joined the Royal Navy.

Asked by the chairman why he did so, prisoner said he deserted his regiment because he could not adapt himself to the kilt.

Remanded for an escort.

### 23,000 UNINTERRED ALIENS.

To a question put by Mr. R. McNeill, in the House of Commons yesterday, for particulars regarding the numbers of uninterred alien enemies in this country, Mr. Samuel replied that there included many persons of friendly races under the control of the Germans, Aussrians or Turks, and 15,000 persons over seventy years of age.

Including all these, except British born wives, the latest figures of uninterred alien enemies were 12,446 males and 10,500 females.

## WANTED TO FIGHT ANY QUAKER.

How Father of Soldiers Shared in Peace "Discussion."

### DEBATE THAT FAILED.

"There is going to be no peace talk in this 'Eden of Cowardice' until the Germans have been beaten and driven back across their own frontiers."

It was the Society of Friends' Meeting House in Bayswater, where there were lively scenes yesterday evening, which was then referred to as the "Eden of Cowardice."

Luanchen-hou meetings by Quakers have been held here every Monday for some weeks.

Yesterday's meeting, over which a woman presided—though she made but futile efforts to assert her authority in the chair—was to have taken the form of a debate between Mr. R. H. Glover, of the Anti-German Union, and Mr. P. H.

## THE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Exclusive pictures of the great match between Sullivan and O'Keefe will appear in to-morrow's "Daily Mirror."

Smiths, of the Society of Friends, on the subject, "Should the Society of Friends Continue Their Peace Work in War-time?"

But speeches from members of the audience in denunciation of the society and its peace talk occupied all the available time, and the proceedings closed without any peace speaker being allowed to say anything. The meeting ended with the singing of the National Anthem and cheering for King and Country.

The hall was packed to overflowing and the audience included a number of young men in khaki and in naval uniforms.

### MEN WHO HAVE GIVEN ALL.

Mr. H. H. Wilson, who has taken a prominent part in opposing previous meetings, arose at the outset and dubbed the Friends' Meeting House the "Eden of Cowardice."

Then Mr. Deakes proposed a resolution that the meeting should not be allowed to proceed.

This was seconded by Mr. Lindsay Johnson, who, amid much cheering, said that the meetings being held there were an insult to the King and the Queen, and that the speakers who had sacrificed everything for King and country.

Again and again the woman chairman, who was on her feet the whole time, made appeals that the discussion should be allowed to go on, but her request met with but little support.

The tone of the meeting was distinctly against the debate being held or of any peace talk being permitted at all.

### OFFER NOT ACCEPTED.

Many speakers protested against this being done.

During all this time Mr. Smith was sitting beside the chairwoman, but Mr. Glover had not yet made his appearance.

The protests grew louder and stronger, and several of the speakers estimated that if any attempt were made to hold the meeting the hall would be quickly cleared.

One speaker—a working man—said he had three sons at the front. He himself was sixty-one years of age; but, he added cheerfully, he would fight any Quaker peace cranks or slackers in the hall. Cheers greeted the offer.

Mr. Grundy, another speaker of the meeting, asked whether it was not time that these Quakers who had dropped altogether, and suggested that the Quakers should turn their attention to recruiting.

Other speakers declared they were members of the Anti-German Union, and that Mr. Glover had consented to take part in the discussion without the consent of that body.

With the meeting concluded with the singing of the National Anthem two men who did not uncover had their hats knocked off.

## NO WOMEN DRIVERS FOR LONDON.

There is no immediate possibility, so it is stated, of women being granted licences for driving taxicabs or motor-omnibuses in the London area.

The need for such a departure has not arisen, and the only reason for such an innovation would be pressing military requirements.

## DOCTOR'S OVERDOSE OF MORPHIA.

A Lambeth jury decided yesterday that Arthur Houghton, a medical practitioner, who had been found dead on a bed at the Waterloo Hotel, York-road, took an overdose of morphia—a huge amount. Dr. Dewsberry described it—by misadventure.

The widow, who gave her address as Highbury Park, Chingford, said that she and her husband arrived in England from New Zealand last May, and he obtained a residence in the R.A.M.C. He was slightly wounded in France in an invalided home, but was sent later to Marseilles. He returned home suffering from neurasthenia.

From a bright disposition, added the witness, he changed to a melancholy temperament.

He might have taken drugs when he had neuralgic pains or heart trouble.

Read "Compulsory Table Manners for Huns," by Ernest Hamilton on page 5.

# ZEPPELIN, HIT BY FIRE SHELL, FALLS IN FLAMES

Brilliant Feat by French Motor-Gun Section.

## GREAT AIR BATTLES.

French Squadron Attack and Rout German Flyers.

## FOKKER BROUGHT DOWN.

### GUNFIRE DESTROYS ZEPPELIN.

Exciting events on land and in the air occurred in the west yesterday, but of the two kinds of events those of the air must take precedence. A Zeppelin was hit by a fire shell of a French motor-gun section, and fell in flames.

There were many air fights, in which the French were victorious, and there were two big raids on a German aviation field and munition works. French air squadrons, too, attacked and put to flight German air coves.

A raid by twenty-six British aeroplanes was also carried out yesterday, and extensive damage was done to enemy stores and railway.

### FOUR-MILE GAS ATTACK.

On the land, in the sector of Lihons, the Germans directed on the French lines a fierce bombardment and successive emissions of asphyxiating gas on a front of four miles. But it was all to no purpose.

### WAR AT \$4,400,000 A DAY.

Mr. Asquith, in the House of Commons yesterday, asked for a further vote of credit amounting to £420,000,000. With a gross expenditure of nearly £4,400,000 a day the credit will take us to the beginning of June. With the actual raising of the money Mr. Asquith has little to do, this being Mr. McKenna's work. With this vote the total war expenditure will be over £2,000,000,000, but of this sum about £423,000,000 has been advanced to Allies and will be repayable in due course.

## BIG BRITISH AIR RAID ON FOE'S DEPOTS.

Twenty-six Aeroplanes Cause Great Damage at Don.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Feb. 21, 9.26—An

attack on the depots at Don was carried out by twenty-six aeroplanes yesterday.

Extensive damage is believed to have been done to the stores and railway. All machines returned safely.

Our air squadrons have actively bombarded the hostile trenches about Hulluch and north of the Ypres-Comines Canal.

A large explosion resulted from our heavy howitzer fire against gun positions in Radinghem area.

The enemy's aircraft has during the last few nights made several night attacks on the various towns in our area, with no military result. A few civilians were, however, killed.

## "BRITISH CANAL ATTACK WAS REPULSED."

Germans Claim To Be Holding New Position North of Ypres.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Feb. 21.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:

North of Ypres.—A British hand grenade attack delivered against our new position on the canal was repulsed.

South of Loos the enemy was again forced to withdraw from our crater position. On the Lens-Arras high road the enemy attacked without success.

Our aeroplane squadron attacked several enemy positions situated behind their lines, such as Fournes, Poperinghe, Aire and Luneville. Many successful results were observed.

Eastern Theatre. Russian attacks before Dvinak failed. Minor enemy advances were also repulsed at other points on the front.

Balkan Theatre.—There is nothing to report.

—Wireless Press.

## FOE'S GREAT GAS ATTACK ON 4-MILE FRONT.

Germans' Attempt to Leave Trenches Repulsed by French Curtain Fire.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 21.—The official communiqué issued this evening says:

In Artois, north of the Lille road, the enemy exploded a mine. An immediate counter-attack dislodged him from the crater, of which we hold one of the sides.

Towards the end of the afternoon the Germans carried out a violent bombardment of our trenches north-west of Givenchy, to which we replied energetically.

South of the Somme, in the sector of Lihons, after having directed against our lines an intense bombardment and successive asphyxiating gas attacks on a front of four miles, the enemy attempted to come out of his trenches at different points.

EVERWHERE REPULSED.

He was everywhere repulsed by our curtain and infantry fire.

In Champagne we carried out effective firing against the German organisations west of the St. Hilaire-St. Souplet road.

In the Argonne, we directed a destructive fire on the enemy's works near the St. Hubert road. We demolished several observation posts in the neighbourhood of the Chappay Wood.

Throughout the region of Verdun the two artilleries continue to display great activity.

South of St. Mihiel we bombarded the German positions in the Bois d'Amiens.

The Germans fired a certain number of shells on St. Die. One inhabitant was killed and seven were wounded.

Aviation.—The day was marked by numerous flights in the air.

AIR SQUADRON ATTACKED.

Over Tagedon, east of Aitkirk, one of our aeroplanes attacked at very close quarters a Fokker, firing fifteen shots at it. The enemy machine sideslipped on its right wing and then fell.

In the region of Epinal an Albatross was brought down by our artillery fire.

In the region of Bures, north of the Forest of Parroy, a German machine was attacked by two of our aeroplanes and fell within our lines.

The pilot and the passenger were killed.

A squadron of seven French machines fought four enemy aeroplanes in the region of Vignelles les Hattonchâtel. Two of the latter were forced to land. The two others fled.

BOMBING RAIDS.

French machines bombarded Fismes, Bar le Duc and Revin. Near this last point a German air squadron of fifteen machines was attacked by one of our chaser squadrons, and was forced to fight.

One German machine was brought down near Grivry in Argonne.

The two airmen were made prisoners. A second enemy machine which was pursued dived suddenly into its own lines.

One of our aeroplanes, which was composed of seventeen aeroplanes, dropped seventy bombs of heavy calibre on the aerodrome of Habsheim and on the goods station of Mulhouse.

ZEPP IN FLAMES.

Another group of twenty-eight machines dropped numerous bombs on the enemy's munition factory of Pagny-sur-Moselle.

At the conclusion of these several operations all our machines returned to their landing grounds.

A Zeppelin flying south from Sainte Menehould was brought down by the motor-gun section of Revin.

The Zeppelin was shot through with an incendiary shell, and fell in flames in the neighbourhood of Rabat le Roi.—Reuter.

PAR 408 C



M. Poincaré decorating General Roques with the Legion of Honour. He commands the army in the Woevre, to which the President recently paid a visit.—(By courtesy of "L'ILLUSTRATION" and the "Illustrated London News.")

## M.P.'S AMAZING STORY OF AIR FIGHT.

Statement in Commons That British Aeroplanes Fought Each Other.

An extraordinary statement was made by Captain Bennett-Goldney, the member for Canterbury, in the House of Commons last night. He said that a raid had just come from the district where there had been another daylight raid, and as on previous occasions the enemy aircraft left our shores unscathed.

A month ago, he said, when a previous raid took place, the machines were not ready and the officers were not present.

"What happened? A battle between one of our aeroplanes and one of our seaplanes, both of which mistook the other for the enemy." (Laughter.)

"But even that was not enough, for having witnessed the fray our anti-aircraft gunners turned their fire on both, and in a vain attempt to bring them down managed to damage the tower of Walmer Church and injure some of the men in the barracks there."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 21.—The following official statement has been issued in Berlin by the Chief of the Naval Staff:—

On February 20, at noon, naval air machines attacked the English coast.

On the 21st at Deal, railway and harbour works and a gasometer at Westoft were heavily bombarded with good results. The main station and the harbour works at Lowestoft were hit several times.

The gasometer collapsed from the effects of the bombs. In the Downs two tank steamers were present.

Despite bombardment and pursuit by enemy airmen, our air machines all returned safe.

The Secretary of the War Office communicates the following:—

"Later information obtained states that the casualties (at Walmer) were over-estimated, the total being a lad of sixteen or seventeen killed and another of the same age injured."

"About twenty shop fronts in the town were blown in."

## BRITISH AIRMAN WRECKS TURK POWER STATION.

37 British Beat Enemy Force of 200 in East Africa.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary for War makes the following announcement:—

Egypt.—A telegram received from the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief in the Mediterranean states that, in the course of an aeroplane reconnaissance on the enemy's advanced posts east of the Canal on February 20 one of our airmen, descending to 600ft., destroyed the enemy's power station at El Hassanah with a 100lb. bomb.

## MEN WHO HELD THE FORT.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The War Office issued the following communiqué yesterday:—

East Africa.—Information has been received from General Smuts that on February 18 an enemy force of four Europeans and 200 native soldiers attacked the post of Kachumbe, on the Uganda border, fifteen miles north-north-west of Kyaka.

The strength of our post was two Europeans and about thirty-five native soldiers.

The enemy were driven off with the loss of four Europeans and fifty-three natives, a machine gun complete, forty-five rifles and a quantity of ammunition. Our casualties were nil.

## NATION'S WAR BILL NOW £2,082,000,000.

Our Expenditure "Beyond the Imagination of Any Financier."

## GUARDING AGAINST WASTE

The war is not costing £5,000,000 a day. That was one of the most interesting facts which emerged from the Prime Minister's speech in the House of Commons last night.

Mr. Asquith asked for a Vote of Credit of £220,000,000, the largest sum ever demanded of the British Parliament.

The main points of his speech are appended: The total advances to Allies, including advances from the Bank of England and Votes of Credit, would not fall far short of £223 millions.

The cost of the war per day averages £4,300,000.

To "err on the side of precaution," the Government are asking for £5,000,000 a day until the end of May.

Three Committees are checking the expenditure of the great spending Departments. The new Vote of Credit raises the total advanced since the outbreak of war to £2,082,000,000, "a figure beyond the imagination of any financier in any country."

On the assumption that the expenditure was £5,000,000 a day, the Vote would last for sixty days from April 1 to the end of May.

### HOW WAR BILL ROSE.

Here are some of the colossal sums from the mass of figures quoted by the Prime Minister:—

Total votes of credit for financial year 1915-16 ..... £1,420,000,000

Expenditure on Army, Navy and munitions from April 1 to February 19 ..... 834,800,000

Loans to Allied Powers during same period ..... 148,900,000

Ditto on food supply, railways, etc. ..... 30,400,000

Average daily expenditure from April 1 to July 17 ..... £2,800,000

Ditto from July 18 to September 11 ..... 3,500,000

Ditto from September 12 to November 6 ..... 4,350,000

Ditto from November 7 to February 19 ..... 4,300,000

Or 4,400,000

"I feel an enormous and indeed an overwhelming responsibility in asking the House to assent to such a gigantic expenditure," said the Prime Minister.

"I could not do so, nor could my colleagues, unless we were satisfied after carefully exploring the ground that we were not asking one penny more than the exigencies of our cause and the Government's great and historic responsibility demand."

### MARVEL OF OUR CREDIT.

It was left to Mr. McKenna to make the most gratifying announcement of the night.

"Comparing our exchange with that of Germany," said the Chancellor, "it will be seen how British credit has been maintained."

"It is an absolute marvel that after eighteen months of war we are still almost the only open market country in the world on which gold can be exchanged for gold at the bank." (Cheers.)

"Notwithstanding the gigantic Votes of Credit, we have maintained our credit.

"I have no doubt that a year hence I shall be able to show that we have still maintained our credit." (Loud cheers.)

The promised adjourned debate on the policy of the Government for dealing with hostile aircraft will not take place until the close of the financial year.

## FOE'S NIGHT AIR RAIDS.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 21.—This afternoon's official communiqué states:—

There was feeble action by the artillery on both sides on the front generally, excepting to the north of Verdun, where there was a certain amount of activity.

In Artois, to the north-west of Hill 140, the enemy unsuccessfully attempted two local grenade attacks.

A squadron of five French aeroplanes bombarded the enemy munition depots at the Chateau de Mestoncourt and at Azoudanga, to the south-west and to the south-east of Dienze.

German aeroplanes last night threw upon Luneville, Dombasle and Nancy some projectiles, which caused only slight damage.—Exchange.

## AIR RAID ON KUT.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

Information has been received from the General Officer Commanding the troops in Mesopotamia that on February 17 and 18 bombs were dropped by hostile aeroplanes on our camp at Kut, but that no damage was done. There is otherwise no change in the situation.

The dispatch of reinforcements to General Aylmer is proceeding satisfactorily.



# Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1916.

## THE PARENT'S REWARD.

AFTER reading the correspondence and articles published in *The Daily Mirror* recently on the manners of modern children and on the modern parents' way of bringing them up, a modern mother remarked the other day:—"I don't care what people say. I intend my children never to know a day's unhappiness. I want them to be able to say when they're grown up, 'At least we had a good time when we were young.'"

That is her programme, as she no doubt honestly supposes: that is her intention.

In reality, however, she is merely confessing an impotence while she pretends to be establishing a principle. She is not able to bring up her children properly—the task is utterly beyond her. Therefore she deludes herself by the pretence that she is bringing them up on a reasoned theory.

### What theory?

The theory that the more indulged you are, the happier you must be. The theory that, if you indulge the child, the child loves you all the better for it.

Odd theories, frequently refuted by facts!

The always indulged child with its inability to control itself or to give up anything it wants invariably acquires a peevish temper which makes it—"poor little thing"—absolutely miserable. Towards maturity it—we use a convenient pronoun—"it" declares itself melancholy. It has everything, but it is a mass of wants.

Life then meets it face to face, with life's necessity—inevitable restrictions, natural prohibitions, *thou shalt not* written over the very essence of things. And this dead wall the spoilt child faces with a howl.

Thereupon, its first step always is to turn round on the feeble parents and blame them. "Why didn't you teach me this, that or the other?"—"You wouldn't learn!" Answer that is simply no answer at all.

And now the grown-up child, who will always be a child grown up, reveals that indifference or callousness towards the parents that was illustrated in an amusing anecdote recounted on this page recently, and in another anecdote included in a letter we publish to-day. The sure way of making a child despise you, or even hate you, is to give him everything—to let him find nothing, achieve nothing, for himself. "Is daddy dead?" What does it matter to the child? Into its open mouth some other grown-up will drop the fruit that used to be supplied by daddy. What are grown-ups for, except to wait on children? And what is life but an unlimited opportunity for stuffing and grabbing and having a good time?

Thus emerges that unmistakably selfish and careless multitude of the young who will take over the affairs of our muddled world "some day"—all the quicker, one supposes, in that our middle generation of young men between twenty and thirty are being so rapidly killed off. In reaction against the far too great severity of an older time—a severity that prompted such attacks upon parents as that in Butler's "Way of All Flesh"—we have gone over to the *give them everything they want* scheme of education. Thus does humanity sway from extreme to extreme, never touching a golden mean, never guided by moderation. The result will be visible to the critical gods in about ten years, from now. To those celestial watchers it will be a theme for golden laughter amongst the clouds.

W. M.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Leave not the business of to-morrow to be done to-morrow; for who knoweth what may be thy condition to-morrow? The rose-garden which to-day is full of flowers; to-morrow, when thou dost pluck a rose, may not yield the dew. *Find out.*

## COMPULSORY TABLE MANNERS FOR HUNS

### A POINT WE MIGHT INCLUDE IN OUR PEACE TERMS.

By ERNEST HAMILTON.

I WAS at a dinner party the other day when the question discussed was the terms we ought to impose on the Germans. Not the ordinary terms such as restitution of this or that province or payment of indemnities to this or the other country, but, if I may put it so, the more spectacular side of our conditions of peace.

Everybody agreed that we ought to have something striking, something really novel.

I think that I have hit on the very thing that is wanted.

With all due diffidence, I am having my views put into type on the off chance, as it were, of a member of the Government reading the article while he is breakfasting. Perhaps he might be so struck with the idea that he would rush to to

In my student days I stayed at Wiesbaden. The gardens are not very large, and in a little place like Wiesbaden anyone who is at all presentable soon knows everybody else in society. The result is that the promenade becomes an orgy of harrasing and hounding. A member coming up in the afternoon and discovering that a man took his hat off to me twenty-three times in one afternoon. That same man would often lecture me on the indifferent and careless manners affected by the English. Once, however, the German finds himself at a dining-table—and he spends a good five hours out of the twenty-four in eating and drinking—he forgets all about manners.

### FRIGHTFULNESS AND FOOD.

He has a peculiar fondness for using the knife—no doubt the result of centuries of militarism and being inoculated at an early age with the germs of frightfulness.

On entering a German dining-room you bow to everybody else and say "Malzeit," an abbreviation of a phrase intended to convey that you hope your neighbours will enjoy a blessed meal-time. They do. At an invisible word of com-

## MODERN CHILDREN.

### WILL THE NEXT GENERATION BE SELFISH AND "SPOILT"?

#### EVERYWHERE THE SAME.

THE COMPLETE spoiling of children that goes on nowadays is by no means confined to the well-to-do classes.

The poorer classes, too, have completely lost the art of bringing up children with any sort of manners or sense of reverence and respect.

Lyndhurst-road, Exeter. A. L. E.

#### OUR LITTLE ONES!

\* \* \* I add a true story to the apparently un-authentic one quoted by Sir Philip Burne-Jones in Saturday's *Daily Mirror*:

I recently had the sorrow of losing my husband, and for some hours I grieved at the need of telling my children.

But when I did so I was horror-struck at their indifference. Going into the dining-room and feeling very solemn, I gently broke the news;

when one of my small boys remarked, "There! Granny will have to keep us now," and the other said, "Oh! Mother, have you a stick?" There's a mouse gone behind the sideboard!"—while he calmly went on with his mouse hunt!

R. N. J.

#### NO CANING.

WE DO not find our Lord advocating the rod for children. Instead we have His tender words: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

Happy I find the view that I have always taken of corporal punishment is supported by modern books of ethics.

In reality, cruelty is purposely to give pain to another living being; and that is the greatest of all sins—the work of a devil rather than a man. The use of the cane must be classed under this."

B. M. Y.

#### WITH A RIFLE.

IN answer to H. K. L., the reasons why civilians are not allowed to shoot with rifles at Zeppelins are two:

First, because if a rifle bullet hits a Zeppelin it cannot do any harm; the car is bullet proof.

Secondly, civilians can play at shooting at football but they cannot shoot, and if rifles were put in their hands they would shoot each other, saying "I did not know it was loaded."

#### A MARKSMAN.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 21.—As the precious Christmas roses pass out of flower the lovely winter roses (the bonus oriental varieties) begin to open, and these will be with us until March is well advanced.

They are much taller than the Christmas roses and perfectly hardy. The flowers vary in colour from white to rose, crimson, purple; many being spotted.

Lenzen roses must be set in good garden soil and need a shady situation. They should be seldom disturbed; ferns, snowdrops and bluebells may be grown with them.

E. F. T.

## A HERO-DESPERADO OF THE PARK.



The attraction of the naughty manifests itself early in life. The bad boy is somehow always more interesting than the good boy.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

a Cabinet meeting with *The Daily Mirror* in his hand. An ideal way of punishing the Germans would be on the conclusion of the war to make them revise their table manners.

This would have to be done compulsively. Probably a Prussian professor or two would be got to write some stupendous tome on the subject.

When I hear people talking about German superiority and organisation and technical ability and all sorts of wonderful accomplishments, I silently agree. Mine is not a head for grasping these learned matters, and I always think it is easier to agree than to argue.

The German, however, is at his best when we absolutely whack the German. That is the way in which we conduct ourselves at table. Not that the German is not very proud of his manners! On the contrary, he likes to think that he is stiffly polite, but courteous—reserved, but affable.

For this reason Germans use up more hats than any other people in Europe. Every time you meet a man you know you take off your hat

and mand they do a sort of dining-room goose-step and tuck their serviette under their collar.

Now is this without reason, as you discover when soup is served? I have my clue to the subtle meaning of German music when I heard some drowsy Teutons eating soup. Fish is generally eaten with a knife, helped by a piece of bread, while boiled meat, with its invariable accompaniment of stewed plums, lends itself to interesting juggling feats. I call to mind a wealthy man at Frankfurt, who lifted up his plate in order to lap up the sauce of the plums, while he kept a firm grip on the meat with two fingers.

The German, however, is at his best when grappling with fowl.

I will frankly admit that I know nothing about carving, but I have the sense to wait until I am served. The German, as a rule, also knows nothing about carving, but does not see much point about the phrase that they also serve who wait.

On the contrary, with much the same feeling as if he were charging the hated English, he

makes a wild dash for the bird. He grasps it firmly with one hand. In the other is an uplifted knife and a compacted knife with the whizzing sound of a sword striking the enemy.

On Sunday evening I dined at Kempinski's, in the Leipzigerstrasse. Kempinski's is the Trocadero of Berlin, but on a much larger scale. They do "do" very well there, at most reasonable prices. In my time they only had two prices for dishes, 9d. and 1s. 3d., and the cooking was excellent.

Opposite to me was an ardent general and the Frau General, an aged lady of benevolent aspect and silvery white hair of the Christmas card school. Chicken was served. The general was delighted. He examined the chicken through his glasses, then wrenched off a piece and pushed it into the mouth of his wife.

A sort of Darby and Joan act; but I suppose it would be regarded as unusual in London.

Yes. I cannot help thinking that if the teaching-table manners is included in our peace terms it will have a great moral effect on the Germans.

## ON AN ARMOURED TRAIN



Charging a "95" gun on an armoured train before starting off on a "trip." These land "Dreadnoughts" are most useful weapons.  
(French official photograph.)

## DEADLY "SMALL SODAS."



Filling and charging soda-water bottles, which are used as grenades. They are thrown by hand into the German trenches.—  
(French official photograph.)

## ROUND A CAM



A French officer chatting with his men.

## GOOD RED WINE TO QUENCH THE POILU'S THIRST.



Barrels of wine for the soldiers at the front. The wine is brought on trucks on which huge casks have been fitted.—(French War Office photograph.)

## FOR DINNER TO-DAY.



Women are taking up poultry farming in increasing numbers. It is work which they enjoy, and at which many of them have been very successful.

## "DORIAN GRAY" MARRIED.



Mr. Lou-Tellegen, who made such a success in "Dorian Gray," and his bride (Miss Geraldine Farrar).

## BANISHES THE COLIC.



Captain H. W. Tate, who has discovered an injection for colic which cures horses in half an hour.

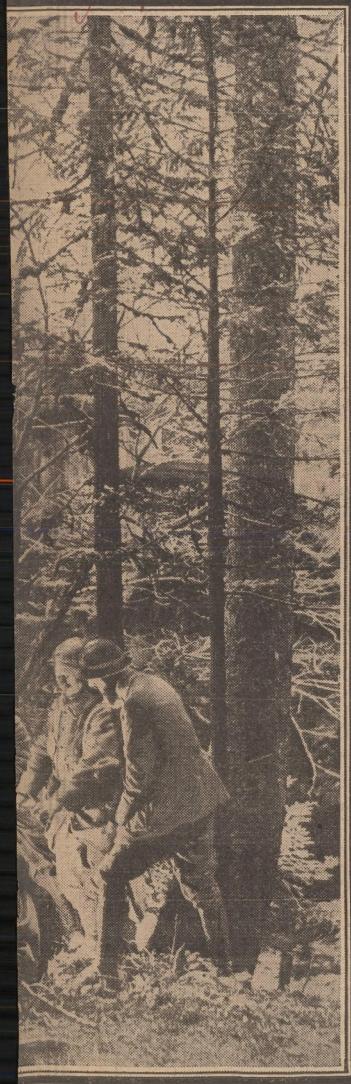
## THEIR FIRST SNOW MAN.



The children of Mr. Andrew Fisher, the new High Commissioner for Australia in London, making a snow man at St. Albans.

## E IN THE VOSGES

S. 11910c



Here is very beautiful and covered with pine  
office photograph.)

PARSON."



Edwards, vicar of  
chester, where he  
ng parson.<sup>2</sup> He  
fire at the Dar-  
vice he will re-  
Cross.

## BLOWING UP A VILLAGE.



This photograph, which has just been received from the  
North-West Indian frontier, shows the blowing up of  
Shan Baz Khan Kor during an attack on the Mohmands.

## AN ARCHWAY OF STICKS

P 18641



Private Chiverall, a Canadian Highlander, and his bride leaving the church at Ramsgate after their wedding yesterday. The bridegroom was until recently a prisoner in Germany.

## DISCARDED SKIRT.

S. 448



This woman market gardener prefers to wear trousers when at work. A skirt would be certainly a handicap when climbing trees.

## SLEIGH DOGS ON STAGE

S. P 12718



Four snow-white Samoyedes which draw a sleigh across the stage in "Tiger's Cub" at the Garrick. The sleigh was used by Sir Ernest Shackleton.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

## CAMELS IN CAMP READY TO START ON A JOURNEY.

S. 11919c



Drafts of camels ready to leave for the frontier of Egypt. At the moment the Turk is too busy running away from the Russians to think of Egypt.

## "PLEASE KUDDLE MEE": ALL BRITISH TOYS.

S. 444M



Those who visit the British Industries Fair at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, will wonder why we ever imported toys from Germany. The photographs show an 8ft. Teddy bear and one of the huge kuddle-mee toys.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)





# LOVE ME FOR EVER



Olive Chayne.

## New Readers Begin Here.

### CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**OLIVE CHAYNE**, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

**RICHARD HEATHCOTE**, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

**RUPERT HEATHCOTE**, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

**OLIVE CHAYNE** is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out of West Africa.

Olive had not quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he had been very friendly with her—and then he had been a stranger.

Olive closed her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spun out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had given him all her heart then.

—this was all and only but chilandering. And then he had walked away and left her.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn and changed Dick. It was as though he knew her. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed "R. Heathcote." In a very frank, straightforward way it tells her she has gone on the wrong road.

Olive Chayne is shocked. And so Rupert really loves her after all! Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in the crisis that is about to come.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must release.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock, Olive realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. She tears up the letter, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives in West Africa, and Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He makes an apology for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible truth is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man—she had misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her fears are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. One evening, Rupert cannot control himself. As he catches Olive in his arms Dick enters the room. There is an angry argument, and Rupert blurts out the truth and shows Richard Olave's letter.

Dick is dumbfounded, but controls himself. To add to the situation, a cable arrives saying that the property has been sold to a new owner named Brydon. Dick is so angry that he gets Dick to wander into the forest to think, and finds a wounded traveller who has lost her way. She turns out to be Brydon, though her name is Anita Beresford.

Olive and Dick return to England alone, and in Africa Mrs. Beresford tells Dick that she is really the wife of his old chieftain, a man named Duprez whom Dick strikes for insulting "Miss Olave." She answers to have revenge.

Maddened with drink and rage, Rupert gets dishonourably obtained for them, the natives rise and storm the bungalow. To wipe out the stain, Rupert dashes away for help. He is reported to be killed.

Dick, after being wounded, returns to England, and he and Olive find that they love each other.

### SOMEONE WHO CALLED.

OLIVE came into the little panelled sitting-room singing. Her voice was very low and sweet. To listen to it, Dick always thought, was to think of a bird crooning on her nest in the gloaming or of a mother with all her love in her voice murmuring a lullaby to her child. In Africa he had never heard her sing. He knew now that she sang only when she was happy.

Her voice came to him as he paused on the terrace to speak to one of the men.

"To you—it is a rose."

To me—it is my heart..."

She had roses in her hands, red roses that he had bought her in town—roses and violets that spoke of the south, of warm lands of the sun, where already Spring had come with all

her delights. Soon, perhaps, they would go in search of the sun—a long honeymoon tour through southern France and so into Italy. But not yet. Dick was not strong enough for travel yet.

The doctor had spoken seriously to Olive on the subject of her husband's health. The bullet wound that had very nearly ended his life in the compound at Keya on the night of the attack had troubled him a great deal. He was subject, too, to recurring attacks of fever, and at times his nights were broken and troubled.

Even to Olive he had never spoken of the events of that night of the attack on Mrs. Gomez's house, or of Rupert's death. Africa and the things of Africa were like a book that was closed and fast sealed away from their unwilling eyes. But o' nights Africa had her revenge.

To Olive this was a matter both of relief and of regret, that she must not speak of the past. She would have liked to be able to speak of Rupert to hear how he had died, and if any reconciliation had taken place in those moments when they had faced death together. No whisper of the slanders that had discredited Mrs. Heathcote had never reached her ears. Dick's mother had been very careful to see to that.

"Help me to forget..." The prayer Dick had prayed on that night of his return was ever in Olive's heart. She strove with every means that love could teach her to use to help him to put the past utterly behind him.

She laid her roses and violets down on the table and rang the bell.

"I want some water and vases for my flowers," she said to the maid who came in.

"I shall use this big bowl for the violets—it is just suitable enough."

"Yes, madam." The woman turned to go out, then paused. "I had almost forgotten madam," she said, a little hesitatingly. "A gentleman called to see Mr. Heathcote whilst you were in town. He would have waited, but I told him it would be useless, as we had no idea when you would return. He left a letter."

"A letter? Did you give him my name?"

"No, madam." He said this as if I mentioned that he had come from Africa. Mr. Heathcote would know who he was."

"Where is the letter? Bring it to me, Measures, please," Olive said quickly. "Don't let Mr. Heathcote see it. It is on business, and I do not want him to be troubled."

It was on the library table. Perhaps Mr. Heathcote had been present.

"No; he's in the garden. Don't mind about it—I'll go to the library myself."

Olive crossed the hall hastily, with a suggestion of stealth in her movements. It was odd, and she was fully conscious of her foolishness, but the fact of this caller—"from Africa"—who had refused to give his name and left a letter instead, had raised a spirit of fear and trouble in her. She had been afraid that he would be seen from the library window she saw Dick cross the lawn with the gardener.

He could not return to the house for five or ten minutes. She could make up her mind what to do with the letter in the meantime.

It lay on the big blotter on the desk that took up so large a portion of the floor room in the library. A letter addressed in strange, pointed-looking, English, written that seemed much more than ever on the big, hand-made paper that Mrs. Heathcote affected.

"Mr. Richard Heathcote."

That manner of address was foreign too. It was strange, but Olive conceived a hatred for the letter as she looked at it, at the thrice underlined "Urgent" that was written in the left-hand corner of the envelope.

What should she do with it? Dick had asked her to keep all thoughts and news of Africa as far from her as possible. It was this that he did not dare to be reminded of this man, whoever he was, or he would not have said that.

The obvious thing, of course, was to open the letter. There was no understanding on this matter between them, but there is between most husbands and wives. She could not imagine herself receiving any letter which she would have objected to Dick opening. Yet she was determined to open it. She would open any of her letters she would be surprised.

Had she, then, any right to open it?

Her answer was to slit the envelope open. This was quite different. She was merely acting as Dick's secretary, following out his desire and the doctor's advice—to keep all possibly annoying correspondence or visitors from him.

It was not a long letter yet it seemed to Olive that it would never end. The cold chill wind seemed to steal into the room as she read, just such a little wind as she had known on African mornings before the sun rose. A wind whose breath was not sweet like the breath of an English morning, but fetid with the vapours of the evil life of the swamp over which it had risen.

"On a night, not long since?" the letter ran, "before you rode that last ride to Keya, we called 'pax' you and I, in the face of a common danger. But I told you then it was only a truce. I write now to tell you that the truce is ended."

"You are very snug, are you not, with your beautiful home and your wife and your dear children? You have had a good life, too, I am told. Your good name? Do you hear me laugh? I write you who know all that I know! Your good name! Think of the cousin who was sent to her death! There have been whisperings over that. But the other things—the demoralisation of the innocent natives who trusted the honour of an Englishman—of the criminal charge that ought to have been investigated before you fled from Africa—no one has whispered of these. No one but I know of these things."

"And I—am I going to be silent for ever, think you? I tell you no."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

By META SIMMINS

The letter scattered from Olive's hand with a sudden frightened jerk as the telephone on the desk rang sharply. But she had seen the signature: "Ferdinand Duprez."

### OVER THE TELEPHONE.

"MR. HEATHCOTE—Mr. Richard Heathcote?" The thin voice that put the question was unfamiliar to Olive. Instantly she connected the speaker with the writer of the letter over which she had laid the blotting pad with a guilty haste as she answered the telephone.

"Who is speaking?" she asked.

"Oh, it is you, then, Mr. Heathcote? I know you, though you do not know me. Yet, have you not expected to hear from me? Have you not yet received my letter?"

"I am. Then it is you, Duprez?"

What she had answered in the call the last thought in Olive's mind was to go to after him, voice or endeavour to simulate Dick's. Now she put forth all her effort to speak in a gruff voice.

"It is himself. You have my letter then?"

"Yes. I was reading it now—when your call came. Where are you speaking from?"

"I am, I wish to tell you, in your room, your servants were speaking the truth. You wish to see me, eh? Ah, ha! Yes, I imagine that there is no one whom you so much wish to see."

"Your imagination appears to have grown robust," Olive said, speaking in Dick's dry tone; she knew so well. "I shall have to speak to you, I suppose. Certainly, I do not intend to allow you to persecute me with letters such as I have received."

Perhaps there was a quiver of feminine indignation in the voice that reached Duprez over the wire, for he sent back a sharp suspicious question:

"Who is that speaking?"

"Whom do you imagine? Your nerves are shaky. Did you fear it was the police?"

The police? There was no mistaking the derivation of the voice. She felt a shiver of fear.

"I have nothing to fear from the police, dear Heathcote. The boot, as far as the police prove so aptly puts it, is on the other foot. It is I who have but to go to the police, and with one little whisper send all that so charming of cards you have reared about you tumbling—crash out to the ground."

The hand that held the receiver shook. The man was insidious. He spoke with a smile.

At the same indignation that had burned in Olive as she had read the letter seemed to die coldly in her heart.

"We shall see if you speak so confidently

when we are face to face," she forced herself to say. "Where can I see you?"

"A desperate plan had come to her as she listened to this. She thought that if she could discover what his intentions were—how much time there was in his confident assertion that he could set an ugly scandal afoot. A scandal, yes, that was all, she knew that. But good men before now have been killed and ruined by the evil scandals of blackmailers..."

"To-morrow? Yes? I am in comfortable apartments in Soho. Wardour-street—10b—your name or no manner of numbering. I can expect you to-morrow—my convenience is yours."

"To-morrow, yes. At twelve o'clock. Expect me then."

Abruptly Olive cut the man off as she heard her husband's voice in the hall. Her arm ached with holding the receiver to her ear. Her throat was dry and parched. The eyes that she had looked across at the long mirror above the mantelpiece were wide and dark with fear.

What was this awful thing that had come so suddenly into their life—this shadow stretched out across the sea from that accursed land, threatening their joy and peace?

She heard Dick calling her, but she did not answer. She had thrust Duprez's letter into the pocket of herown coat. She waited like a guilty thing till she heard Dick call, calling her to open and up the stairs.

Then, stealthily, her hand against the letter crushed—there close to her breast, Olive crept out from the library and went into her own room, locking the door behind her.

She sat staring out blankly before her. She did not doubt Dick for a moment. The real Dick, the Dick she had known, was not there. His works strange madness in the blood. She had heard him say that too often to be able to forget it.

What had happened in Africa that had made him turn white and shiver at the very mention of the country he had once told her that he loved?

Words from the letter that still lay against her heart looked into her own—an accusing look.

"With a little cry, Olive pressed her hands against her eyelids, crushing them down as though to shut out the world.

"To-morrow"—she spoke the word aloud, forcing her thoughts back to the present—"to-morrow . . ."

This appointment she had made with Duprez—could she keep it? And if she did—with what?

She could think of nothing—plan nothing. She was conscious only of one dominant thought. She must see Dick.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

# Derry & Toms

Kensington High Street, London, W.

Special Millinery Features  
every day this Week

To-day

Hundreds of charming  
creations at the Popular  
Prices—

12/9 & 18/11

To-morrow

Special Showing of  
Matrons' Hats; also  
Mourning Millinery



Fascinating and  
altogether becoming  
Toque in all  
shades of Silk  
12/9



Latest creation  
in Straw and Silk,  
trimmed with smart  
Mount or Ostrich Tip  
18/11

See further announcement To-morrow

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## Deputation Season.

Although this is wartime, Cabinet Ministers do not appear to have escaped from the usual crop of deputations which they have to hear during the first fortnight of every session. As there is little chance of any legislation

P.6102

except on war matters, the opportunity might have been taken to have dropped the deputation business this year. After all, what is the percentage of deputations which succeed in getting what they want?

## Introduced.

It is essential that every deputation to a Minister be introduced by an M.P. How formal that plan is was shown in the recent deputation to the Prime Minister by the heads of the docks of the United Kingdom. Mr. O'Connor introduced the deputation, which was headed by Lord Devonport. It would be interesting to know what introduction the Prime Minister required before meeting the Prime Minister for the two gentlemen sat in C.-B.'s Ministry ten years ago! We do stand upon ceremony.

## M.P.s Not Excepted.

Among the suffering ones from the recent Zeppelin raid is a respected and popular member of the House of Commons. His house was partly demolished by a bomb. He is suffering yet from the shock.

## The Latest Vote of Credit.

I heard the whole of Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons last night in introducing the new Vote of Credit. It was not a very inspiring performance, consisting as it did for the most part of a recital of figures. What most impressed me was the matter-of-fact, almost airy, way in which he reeled off sums running into thousands of millions of pounds.

## Bored.

M.P.s are accustomed to huge figures nowa-days, and it is not surprising therefore that last night they listened to the Prime Minister's statement with obvious boredom. At least half a dozen of the "four hundred-pounders" were yawning before it was over, and many men in khaki in the public gallery crept out after listening for about half an hour.

## An R.A. in Whitechapel.

One night last week I went down to the Pavilion Theatre, Mile End-road. In the box opposite mine I saw Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., obviously highly interested in the acting, the audience and the play. That really great Russian actor Maurice Moscovitch was giving Leo Tolstoy's strange play, "The Living Corpse," and I noticed that Mr. Sargent was closely following the dialogue, in Yiddish,

## Resourceful Genius.

Matter-of-fact Manager: But suppose your play doesn't get over the footlights?

Wild-eyed Dramatist: Remove them!

## Referees.

There was quite a galaxy of notable referees as well as notable boxers at the Golders Green Hippodrome last night, when Sergeant Dick Burge's great all-khaki boxing carnival was staged before a crowded house. The referees were Mr. Eugene Corri, Mr. J. Hulls and Mr. P. J. Moss, whose journalistic work is so familiar to readers of *The Daily Mirror*.

## Still Smiles.

I suppose that Mr. "Jim" Hulls has officiated at almost every kind of boxing contest that can well be imagined. He has faced some "rough houses" in his time, and figured as the

Mr. J. T. Hulls.

centre of some tumultuous scenes. And on the night of the Carpenter and Smith affair he caught an unlucky blow and went to the boards. Still, he always comes up smiling,

## Insuring Her Back.

Miss Laura Guerite, the original "bare back" girl in America, told me at the Savoy that she is insuring her arms and back for £2,000. I learn that she may be seen at the Alhambra before very long.

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## Why He Is Not a Soldier.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford said to me the other day: "I might now be a British general directing operations at the front instead of a mere singer doing his bit for the Red Cross but for the advice of Sbriglia, the Italian professor of the voice. In my 'cramming' days, when I was trying for a commission, he happened to hear me sing at an At Home. He urged me to throw over my military-text books, and I trained for the concert platform."

## Pathos Triumphant.

I saw a military bridal party leaving a well-known South London church on Saturday last. As has now become the fashion, the porch was lined by some of the bridegroom's fellow warriors, who made a triumphal arch, not of swords, nor lances, nor rifles, but crutches.

## Fancy Watches.

A West End jeweller showed me the most dazzling collection of freak watches, some of them covered with coruscating precious stones. "The demand for this kind of thing is greater than ever before in my experience," he told me.

## In "The Love Thief."

When "The Love Thief," which I am told is a particularly strong and stirring drama, is done at the Queen's Miss Miriam Lewis

P.6102

is at the Queen's Miss Miriam Lewis

## The Latest Vote of Credit.

I heard the whole of Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons last night in introducing the new Vote of Credit. It was not a very inspiring performance, consisting as it did for the most part of a recital of figures. What most impressed me was the matter-of-fact, almost airy, way in which he reeled off sums running into thousands of millions of pounds.

## Not Camera Mad.

I am showing you to-day just a very little portrait of brilliant Miss Ethel Levey, who has scored yet another success in "Follow the Crowd." As a matter of fact, photographs of Miss Levey are rather hard to get. She does not share that enthusiasm for the photographer which is so prevalent with many theatrical artists.

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## A Prophecy.

When I first saw Miss Ethel Levey at the Alhambra I ventured to prophesy that she would make a commanding position for herself on the British stage. She has. But I shall not be contented until I have seen her in tragedy, for she has the true tragedienne's temperament.

## What "Pussy Cats" Are at the Front.

A staff officer was telling me that when our anti-aircraft guns fire the empty shrapnel cases frequently fall on our trenches. They are called "pussy cats" by our men on account of the whining noise they make in descending. They are very heavy "pussy cats," burying themselves as they do a couple of feet in the ground.

## A Famous Regiment.

Like many other constituents, East Herts has subscribed a number of its electors to the war, and the county has good reason to be proud of its soldiers, the Territorials in particular. The Herts Terriers had the honour of being attached to the Guards Regiments in the early stages of the war, and acted as a support when Michael O'Leary won the Victoria Cross.

## Inventions.

I see that several fortunes have been made by war "inventors." Does this refer to the optimistic "experts"?

## Coincidence.

Some eight years ago I was interested in a political League. The night before last a man mentioned the League to me, and in the night I dreamt of the secretary. Walking along the Strand yesterday afternoon, I met the secretary, whom I had not seen for eight years. He was wounded at Givenchy, and had only just left hospital.

## Fortunes from Coconuts.

A City friend tells me that quite a large number of fortunes have been made through the war economy that substitutes nut margarine for butter. "The demand has been a godsend to hundreds of people," he says. "It's not only the manufacturers and sellers who have gained, but chiefly the owners of shares in plantations."

## The Soldiers' Concerts.

There are twice-daily concerts just behind the trenches, I hear. Two girls and four "Tommies," with the approval of the authorities, are a permanent party. Their programme changes, but the artists remain the same. They are nameless. What a reception they will get at some hall after the war!

## Women More Punctual.

Two men in khaki were watching for two fair damsels in the vestibule of a theatre the other evening where I was also awaiting a friend. Said one of the men: "I'll bet you anything they'll be late. I believe women think it's the right thing to keep you waiting." "Ah, they used to," replied the other, "but that sort of thing is quite out of date, old man. They'll be here to the tick of time—they've five minutes yet." And at the tick of time in the girls walked.

## It's an Ill Wind, etc.

There were two well-known London actors who had not spoken to each other for five years. During the week when the anti-Zepplin gale was blowing London about they were both struggling along the Strand. Suddenly the wind took them up and literally blew them into each other's arms. Both apologised and then both laughed. They stood still for a moment and then shook hands, made up their five-year-old quarrel, and adjourned to the Savoy bar.

THE RAMBLER.



## Suffered from Rickets.

### A MOTHER WRITES:

I am enclosing photo of my little girl aged 4. When she was a baby she suffered from rickets, could not walk or even sit alone until she was three years old. Then I gave her Virol for six months. She is four years and so fat and strong. I think Virol is the best thing in the world for weakly babies as I have proved it so.

## VIROL

In Measles and Whooping Cough Virol should be given to children of whatever age. Virol increases their power of resistance and recovery and strengthens them against dangerous after effects.

In Glass & Stone Jars, 1/-, 1/8 & 2/11.

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E. BURGESS, 59, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.

## EYE TROUBLES and how to End them.



My gift book, "How to Preserve Your Eyesight," relates the history from 1596 to 1916 of Singleton's Eye Ointment, the famous English remedy for troubles of eyes, eyelids and eyebrows. It cures all forms of eye trouble, including watery eyes and weak eyes after measles, etc. Used by British soldiers in the trenches for the after-effects of gas. Also for children and adults. It cures all eye trouble but is not a poultice. It is the best application for curing all Chest and Bronchial Troubles.

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## WELLS STILL ENGLISH BOXING CHAMPION.

O'Keeffe Beats Sullivan After Gruelling and Exciting Battle.

## GREAT KHAKI CARNIVAL.

At Golders Green Hippodrome last night "Bombardier" Wells demonstrated again that he is far and away the best boxer, and at the same time the hardest hitter, in England by beating Sergt. Dick Smith, who had challenged him for his title of England's champion.

Wells was a picture of a man. He has never looked so well in the ring, and has rarely boxed better. The attack was not in the ring, and although Sullivan landed some heavy punches on his opponent, they did not disturb Wells at all.

Odds of 60 to 40 were laid on Wells at the start, and at the end of the first round a bookmaker offered 10 to 1. And it was all that.

Smith tried hard, and in the second round tried using tactics, and of his few swings raised lumps over Wells' right eye, but was always taking jarring, weakening punches from the champion which were bound to tell.

Still he started the third round well with lefts to the jaw and nose, but after this Wells repeatedly jabbed his left to the mark, and then, with a right to the jaw and a left upper cut, put Smith down and out.

After the count the house raised cheer after cheer for Wells, whose wonderful popularity was never more manifest than last night.

## O'KEEFE'S GREAT VICTORY.

It was to have been the big fight, but the real big bout was the battle of the middle-weights, O'Keeffe and Jim Sullivan, and a big battle had been witnessed for a long time. Sitting at the back of the stage under *The Daily Mirror* lights, one could not see the spectators, but could feel their pulse, and from the shouts, as the fortunes of the fight ebbed and flowed.

It was interesting all the way. There was never a dull moment, and some of the situations were dramatic in the extreme. Grand generalship and splendid boxing by both O'Keeffe, who won, and Jim Sullivan, who was a young and strong man.

I may be wrong, but I will wager that the referee's card gives very few of the rounds to Sullivan. I find in my notes at the end of the fourteenth round the score was 10 to 10. But I was too soon, and the greatest excitement had then to come.

Sullivan, who had got a cut nose and two terribly puffed lips, suddenly shot a left hook to O'Keeffe's nose. The blow was a powerful one, and痛 from the damaged organ. But he never lost his head, and got in close, hung on, and covered up until the welcome gone brought him a minute's respite.

Sullivan made desperate efforts to get the man off in the sixteenth round. He had to knock him out to secure the verdict. He landed a terrific right swing to O'Keeffe's eye, and cut it badly. But the veteran boxer as cool as it is in a gymnasium, kept his hand on Sullivan's shoulder, and in a splendid left to the jaw and right to the body.

Both were smothered with blood, but both were

strong, and, but for the flesh wounds, were little the worse for the battle, and the breathless excitement of the three rounds was forgotten. O'Keeffe by this time had quite recovered, and, watchful of Sullivan's right, had a trifle the best of the boxing.

In the earlier rounds the boxing had always held the attention. Sullivan was always trying to get the right in, and O'Keeffe was determined he should not. Still Sullivan scored a number of points with a useful left, but O'Keeffe was always ready with a right, and in the end the man who had the best of the in-fighting had his man beaten hopelessly.

Sullivan's ribs must be sore this morning.

I thought, just got the best of the first round, but in the second O'Keeffe's left hand leveled up matters in the next. This was anybody's round, and then Sullivan started in with some two-handed fighting in the fourth, in which he had rather the best of the matter.

The next O'Keeffe, and he played a pretty tattoo with both hands on Sullivan's body and mouth in the fifth round, and, in spite of Sullivan's aggressiveness in the sixth, had by far the best of the exchanges, which included a rare two-handed mix-up shortly before the song.

## WHAT SULLIVAN TRIED.

O'Keeffe was steadied in the seventh by a nice right upped out to the jaw, one of the few telling blows which Sullivan landed with that hand, although he was always aiming for it. O'Keeffe's right, however, often leaving himself open to the deadly left hand.

The eighth round saw some more excellent boxing from both men, who were content to take a breather, but in the tenth O'Keeffe, using his left with a telling effect, had a big tally of points and was a good leader at half-way.

In the next two rounds O'Keeffe was always the better boxer, and at times he served up severe punishment, and in the eleventh he did a clever work in the eleventh, although Sullivan frequently found the mark with the left in the long-range work.

The thirteenth was a terrific round, the men standing well apart, and the spectators were held in suspense, and for the moment O'Keeffe appeared to have thrown his science to the winds and to be playing into Sullivan's hands.

But O'Keeffe's severe warnings from his seconds in that interval, and boxed better than ever in the fourteenth round. His left was never out of Sullivan's face, and it looked a certainty for him.

## O'KEEFE'S WONDERFUL RINGCRAFT.

By the time the fifteenth round was over Sullivan's face was very puffed, and he looked distressed, but his wounded sinews in his right hand gave him heart, and he tried hard to be the first, but could never level up matters with his wary opponent, whose ringcraft has never stood him in better stead than it did now.

It was a battle of a lifetime. And how a section of the spectators could have caviled at the decision I do not know. The better boxer triumphed over a very game opponent after a grueling fight.

The sixteenth round was a masterpiece. The part was crowded with the Army or Navy uniforms. There were comparatively few ladies, but all classes of spectators were there, and the standing room was packed, and the doors were closed to all but ticket-holders long before the start.

In the ten rounds contests Riffeman Dai Roberts beat Sergeant Zimmer, who retired at the end of the sixth round, and Driver Buswell knocked out Bomber Tom Wilson in the second round.

P. J. MOSS.

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

Continued from page 8.

**Haymarket.** At 8.15 p.m. **WHO IS HE?** HENRY AINLEY. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. NEW 10-NIGHT. At 8.30 p.m. **A New Light Comedy.** CAROLINE. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault.** Miss Lillah McCarthy and Mr. Leonard Boyne. Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **OPEN.** Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **Performances.** To-night, at 8. BOHEMIAN. Wed., Mat., THE CRITIC. Wed., Evg., THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE; Thurs., CAVELIER. Mat., Evg., PAINTER; Fri., Sat., THE TOSCA. Sat., Mat., BUTTERFLY; Sat., Evg., TALES OF HOFFMANN. Prices, 10s. ed. to 1s. Gert., 9666.

**Plaistow.** At 8.45 p.m. **PLEASE HELP EMILY.** Gert., Hawtry and Gert. Cooper. Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.** Sat., NEXT (Feb. 26) and 27. Mat., Evg., THE WIDOW OF WALES. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30, for 4 WEEKS ON. At 2.30 p.m. **THE WIDOW OF WALES.** ALFRED PAUMIER, and ANNIE SAKER, in THE SWEETHEART POPULAR SONGS. Mat., Sat., 6s. to 1s. ROYALTY. **THE MAN WHO STARED AT HOME.** DENNIS EADIE. Every Day at 2.30, and Wednesdays, Thurs., and Sat., 8. HALF-PAST FIVE. ST. JAMES' THEATRE.

By Clifford Mills. To-DAY and DAILY, at 2.30 p.m. Evening Performances, Sat., only, at 8.15. **GEORGE ALEXANDER** and GENEVIEVE ALEXANDER. **SAVOY.** At 2.30. **THE LADY GAMBLER.** MR. H. B. IRVING. Daily, at 2.30. **THE LADY GAMBLER.** By H. A. Vachell.

**SCALA.** Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. **THE WORLD AT WAR.** remarkable collection of War Pictures on Land and Sea. Gert., German Film. Telephones, Gerrard, 1446. **STRAND—POPULAR PRICES.** **M. WU.** LAST 2 NIGHTS. **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.** Matinee, at 2.30. **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.** Matinee, at 2.30, and Tues., and Sat., at 2.30. **THEATRE NEXT.** Sat., 8, Revival of MARY STUART. **THEATRE OF GREEK'S FESTIVAL.** ROYALTY. **VAUDEVILLE.** H. Grattan's Revue, "SAMPLES!" Evenings, at 8.20. **MATS.** Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **WAGS.** Mat., Sat., 2.30. **THE WARE CASE.** Gerald du Maurier and Miss Lohr. Mat., Sat., 2.30. **ALHAMBRA—Season of Exclusive Varieties.** LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON, GROCK, and Part, GLYDE COOK and ALFRED AUSTIN; BEATRICE LILLAH McCARTHY, and THE QUAINES; VERSA-TIME FOUR; Imperial Russian Dancers, in ALHAMBRA, Doors, 2 Mat., Weds., and Sats., 2.15. **DOORS.** MAT., WED. and SAT., at 2.15. **JOY-LAND.** **THE ROLLING HARRY.** YETTA BIANZA, BERTRAM SCOTT, ALICE PRYOR, and the famous Beauty Chorus. **PALACE—BRICA-BRACA.** **GERTE MILLAR.** ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, GWENDOLINE BROGGIN, KENNETH TEDDIE, GERARD, A. SIMON GIRARD, FAIR PALACE. **VALLEY.** Mat., Sat., 2.30. **PALMADIUM.** 2.30, 5.30 and 9.30. **KEEP TO THE RIGHT.** JIMMY LEARMOUTH, HENRY KING, JAY LAUBER, VAN HOVEN, MAIDIE SCOTT, NELLIE COOPER, and the famous Comedy Chorus. **MASKELYNE'S MYSTERIES.** St. George's Hall. At 3 and 8. 43rd Consecutive Year in London. A delightful programme of startling novelties. 1s. to 5s. Children half-price. **POST.** **QUEEN'S HALL.** Langham Place, W. The Man Who Dines with the Kaiser will LECTURE, TUESDAY, FEB. 22, at 8.15. Tickets, 10s. 6d. to 1s., at the Hall and usual Agents.

**PERSONAL.** MILITARY brass series commission case and documents of W. H. L. Boucher, wanted to trace—Owner, 46, Cornwall Rd., South Tottenham, N.

**OFFICERS' Uniforms and Effects.** Largest second-hand **GRANOPHONIC.** Uniforms and Effects—Goldsman's Uniforms, Devonport—(Uniforms bought).

**HAIR** permanently removed from lace with electrically charged forceps—Regent's Park, W.

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC.** GRAMOPHONES. Model Drawing Cabinet, very dainty, height, 4ft., on wheels; beautifully inlaid; perfect tone; with selection of celebrated records; accept 25s. approval with pleasure.—15, Upper Porchester-st., Hyde Park, London.

For early Spring. New pull-on **MAIDS.** In Silk, mainly in white, with Ribbon & Silk Rose Spray. Colors—Navy, Purple, Wine, Saxe Black, Worth much more.

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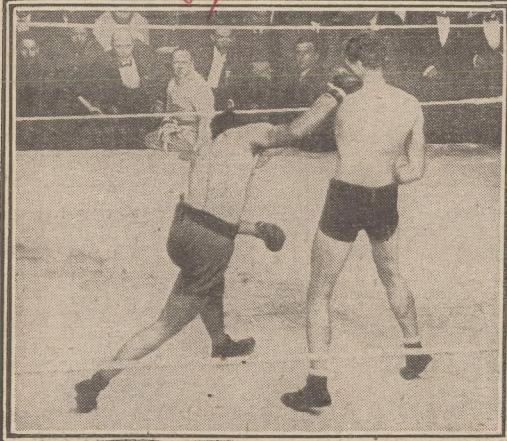
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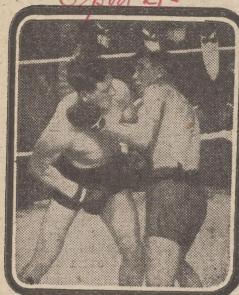
THE "Sunday Pictorial" Is the Fighting Man's Favourite Paper : : :

WELLS KNOCKS OUT SMITH IN LAST NIGHT'S GREAT KHAKI CONTEST.

Sport 212

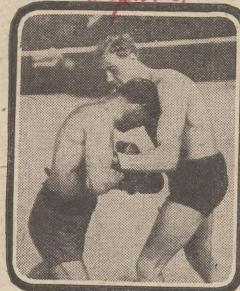


Smith gets in a right swing. Sport 212

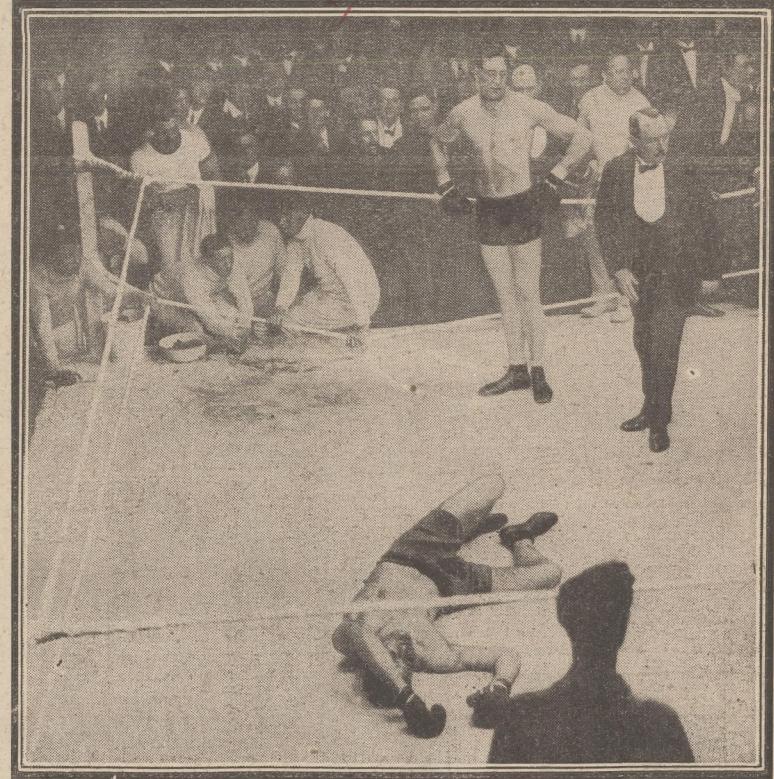


Smith looks distressed. Sport 212

Sport 212



The men in a clinch. Sport 212

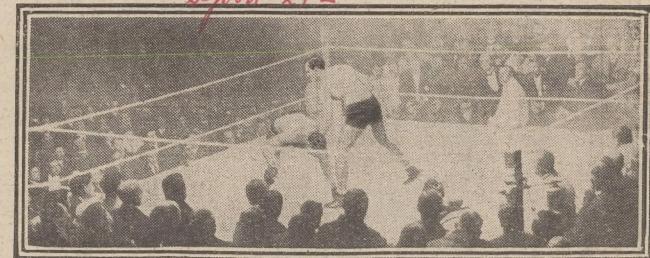


Out! Wells looks as though he did not expect Smith to get up again. Sport 212



Wells jumps over Smith after knocking him down.

By defeating Sergeant-Instructor Smith in the third round in the great khaki boxing tournament at the Golders Green Hippodrome last night, Sergeant-Instructor "Billy" Wells again proved that he has no equal among heavy-weight boxers in Great Britain.



Smith ducks in order to avoid a left swing. Sport 212

When the men met last year Wells found it a difficult task to defeat his opponent, but this time he practically had Smith beaten from the start. The hall was packed.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

JOFFRE'S PIPES: YOUNG FRENCH SOLDIERS RECEIVE WELCOME GIFTS.

Sport 212

French soldiers of the 1916 class. General Joffre has just visited their camp and distributed pipes.—(By permission of *L'Illustration* and the *Illustrated London News*.)